The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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ANOTHER MILE

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."—MATTHEW 5:41.

THE Sermon on the Mount is incomparably great, if, indeed you can speak of any message of Jesus in terms of comparison. There never has been anything like it since it was spoken, and I am sure that we are quite safe in saying that there never was anything like it before its utterance. It is great in its preacher. He came to speak to the world the greatest truths of God, and yet they were couched in such familiar language and brightened up with such perfect illustrations that the dullest in His company understood His message.

It is great in its practical teaching. All of it may be lived. I am quite familiar with that interpretation of this sermon which makes it the code of the coming Kingdom of our Lord, and am also familiar with that statement that when the Kingdom is ushered in in all its power and fulness that the truths here presented will control all those who are subjects of the Kingdom and the King; but at the same time I am persuaded that it would be possible for us, with the help of Christ, to live, day by day, the great principles which He here lays down, and I am also persuaded that living these principles our lives would be keyed to the music of Heaven and all with whom we came in contact would be impressed with the power of our Christian profession and with the beauty of His character who has become the inspiration of our lives.

It is also great in its power to live. The sermons of men grow old. Not so this Sermon on the Mount. It seems as if it had been preached but yesterday, and one can quite imagine, as he sits studying it, that he is himself upon the mountain-side at the feet of the great Teacher, and is listening to Him speak the Beatitudes, which, as Joseph Parker says, are like little wicket gates into the kingdom, and so arranged that if you pass through one, somehow you have gone through them all. The sermon throbs with life as no other sermon the world has ever heard.

We wait for conventional places in which we may preach; Jesus was not such a preacher. Wherever there was a sky there was a roof; wherever there was an individual in need there was an audience; wherever human hearts called for help He was always near and the wonderful thing about Him is that He always spoke the right word at the right time, and men went on their way rejoicing.

After His spoken words were ended it should not be forgotten that the Sermon on the Mount was followed by works of mercy. "And when He was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed Him. And behold! there came a leper and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, if Thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus put forth His hand and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean, and immediately his leprosy was cleansed."

In the Old Testament times the garments of glory and beauty worn by the High Priest had a peculiar adornment on the hem of the robe; there was a golden bell and a promegranate, then a golden bell and a pomegranate, until they met and the adornment was completed; and as the High Priest moved to and fro the golden bells chimed their sweetest music and the people understood that their reconciliation with God was being made complete. It should be noticed, however, that in this adornment there was as much fruit as sound, and this beautifully illustrates the ministry of Jesus. He was a mighty preacher, but He descends from the mountain-side and turns away from those who have listened to Him that He may heal a leper. No wonder people heard Him gladly.

To my mind the Beatitudes are like rounds in a golden ladder reaching upwards. The first is poverty of spirit, and this is as it should be, for one never takes a step up until first of all he takes a step down. He must come to the end of himself before he appreciates God. The last round of the ladder is persecution, and this is as it should be. There is not much persecution at the bottom of the ladder. It is only as we rise higher and higher in Christ that we are apt to meet with opposition. Jesus told His disciples this: "Marvel not if the world hate you; it hated Me before it hated you." It should not be forgotten that they who are to enjoy the blessing of the Beatitudes are not the mighty nor the rich nor the noble; they may if they will but they are not specified, but the enjoyments and privileges are for the poor in spirit, they that mourn, they that hunger and thirst, they that are merciful and the peacemakers, so there is a chance for us all.

The sermon is great in its influence. It touches every part of our lives. Have you noticed that its admonitions are given regarding those who have active influence? The salt and the lights are used as figures, and for those who have a passive influence the city set upon a hill is an illustration. The sacredness of the Word of God is presented. "Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven, but whosoever shall do and teach them the same shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Sin is set before us not only as an open violation of the law, but anger without cause is murder and the look of lust is adultery. There are suggestions here as to giving: there are hints as to praying: there are warnings as to criticisms.

It is all superb, but I like best of all those words which are found in the 5th chapter of Matthew and the 38th to the 42nd verses inclusive: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man shall sue thee at law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." I believe that this truth may be practiced literally.

The text is a striking passage of Scripture and is full of meaning. The proper interpretation of it and the practical living of it would revolutionize every Christian life.

In the olden days it was the custom, if one was traveling through a strange country and did not know his way, if he should meet along the way one who may have been going in the opposite direction and knew the country, it was possible for the stranger to stop the one he met on his journey and compel him to become his courier. The law made it obligatory for the man who knew the way to lay down his burden, to turn aside from his own journey, however imperative it may have been, and go with the stranger just one mile. At the end of that one mile he could stop and not be compelled to go one foot farther. Jesus must have had this in mind and so among other things said to His disciples: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him the second mile." The first mile was law, the second grace; the first mile you are compelled to go, the second mile you choose of your own accord to travel, and it is this second-mile Christianity which the world needs today, and second-mile living which would compel weary pilgrims to turn their faces Christward, who is Himself always the inspiration and example of the second mile.

The fact that you are a Christian may not of necessity prove that you have power. It is only when your life overflows that power is in your possession. The valley of the Nile is a fruitful valley, not because the Nile flows through it, but because the Nile overflows in it. The world is sighing for this spirit of the second mile, which is the spirit of love, and this Jesus was constantly presenting to His disciples.

The second mile is the spirit of Jesus. In Ephesians, the 3rd chapter and the 20th verse, we read: "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." I know of no better illustration of His spirit. He is able to do, that is the law of His nature and is like the first mile, but He is able to do abundantly, yea more. He is able to do exceeding abundantly, beyond this He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask, and then as if to exhaust language we read: "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or even think."

It is the practice of Jesus. He fed the multitudes. This was the law of His nature. He is always helping those who are in distress and relieving those who are in embarrassment, but the second-mile spirit is shown in the fact that He commanded them to sit down, for He would have them comfortable.

He walks with the men to Emmaus and opens up unto them the Scriptures, explaining the things concerning Himself. This was like the first mile; but He will not leave them without the second mile; He sits down to eat with them and blesses them. Whoever came to Jesus for just one blessing and departed with one? Not one of us. It has been true from the very first that when we sought Him we received more than we could ask and even think. We came for pardon and found peace, with peace came justification,

with justification came adoption, and with adoption all the blessings of the children of God. Jesus' treatment of us is always in the spirit of the second mile.

Some time ago there appeared in a magazine the statement that Christianity was a failure. In the next issue it was said: "This is not true, for it has never been tried." I wonder if this could be said of any of us! I am persuaded that all we need to do is to live in such a way as to reveal the spirit of Jesus. Of course, this presupposes a union with Him by faith, and to live in the spirit of Jesus is only another way to say that we must live in the spirit of the second mile.

Some little time ago there came to me in my mail a card which was headed, "Victory." It is so saturated with the spirit of the "second mile," and has been so helpful to so many people, that it is given here in full:

VICTORY

—2 Cor. 11:14.

When you are forgotten, or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile inwardly, glorying in the insult or the oversight *That is Victory.*

John 13: 26–30; 2 Tim. 4: 16–18.

When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your taste offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient and loving silence *That is Victory.*

John 8: 48–50; 2 Tim. 4: 16–18; 1 Peter 2: 20–21.

When you can bear with any discord, any irregularity and unpunctuality, any annoyance—and are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any society, any solitude, any interruption *That is Victory.*

Phil. 4: 11–13; Heb. 11: 3–11; Acts 27: 21–25; 2 Cor. 4: 8–10.

When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation, or to record your own good works, or to itch after commendation, when you can truly "love to be unknown" *That is Victory.*

Gal. 2: 20; 6: 14.

What if we could live as this card indicates! He would have a heart of stone who would turn away from the Savior who could be such an inspiration.

"If one bid thee go a mile,
Go with him the second mile,
Let not duty set thy pace,
Christian love keeps step with grace.

"It is thus with Jesus' love,
Love all other loves above,
Jesus fills our cup and more,
Fills it till it runneth o'er.

"Love like this in you and me,
Setting us at liberty,
Freeing us from self and sin,
Other lives for Christ would win.

"Ah, my brother, will it pay?
At Christ's judgment seat some day
It will have been worth our while
To have gone the second mile."

—*From Sermon by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.*

"WILL you please open this gate?" said a little girl to a dignified old gentleman.

The gentleman did so and then said kindly, "Why, my child, could you not open the gate yourself?"

"Because," said the little girl, "the paint is not dry. Look at your hands!"—*Los Angeles Times.*

THE TIME OF DAY

THE time of day, I do not tell,
As some do, by the clock,
Or by the distant shining bell
Set on some steepled rock,
But by the progress that I see
In what I have to do—
It's either Done o'clock for me
Or only half past Through.

THERE'S no free gate to anything that is worth while. Not to skill or to health, or to success or to friendship, or even to the lasting love and respect of those who are nearest and dearest to us. These are the items that make up the best income that any human being can have, and the sum of that income will be measured by the sum of what we are willing to pay to get it.—*Edgar Guest.*

PRAYER

BE not afraid to pray—to pray is right,
Pray if thou canst with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay.
Pray in the darkness if there be no light,
For in the time remote from human sight
When war and discord on this earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite,
What e'er is good to wish ask that of heaven;
Though it be that thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be
But if for any wish thou darest not pray
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

REQUESTS

1. I am a girl sixteen years old. My mother is dead: she died several years ago. I would be glad to receive reading matter, such as novels, magazines, cards, and I would appreciate a Webster's Dictionary. Stella Fisterman, Bina, N. C.

2. Dear *Cheerful Letter* friends: I would like to hear from some of you again. I am not able to do housework and have to stay indoors most of the time. I will be 75 years old February 2. My husband has been dead 3 years. Would be glad of any kind of scraps for making quilts, as I enjoy making them. Also any good reading helps to pass the lonely hours. Mrs. Frank Taylor, Midway, Vinton, Va.

3. Dear *Cheerful Letter* friends: I wrote some time ago to your paper but didn't receive anything, so I will try again. I am a young mother of three children, am very weakly, and can't get out much, so I would be so glad to get scraps to piece some quilts this winter. Would like some picture books for my children. Please print my letter. I give as reference Rev. Isaac Watts, Boomer, N. C., R. 2, and Dr. W. R. Triplett, Purlear, N. C. Mrs. Venie Earp, R. 2, Boomer, N. C.

4. I would like to correspond with someone as I am very lonely here. The children are in school except the baby girl. I have no relatives here and I get very lonesome. I am forty years old. I enjoy reading, quilting and piecing, but as we are poor folks I don't have very much of either to do. I work in the field during the crop season and also help to gather the crops. It has been so dry here this year that we did not make hardly anything. I have five children. The two oldest ones are married and making homes for themselves. I have three little girls at home: Lena, age 13 years; Irena, age 10 years; and Inez, age 5. I get a great deal of pleasure helping the two girls with their studies at night. Lena is in the 7th grade, Irena in the 4th. They are doing fairly well. Husband and I have been married 24 years. We have a home of our own. My mother is still living but is an invalid. She is a long way from me, but we children all try as far as we are able to give her every comfort that we can. I would be glad to hear from anyone who

has time to write. For reference please write to Mrs. Mary J. Band, Decatur, Texas. My address is Mrs. Maggie Wallis, R. 1, Boyd, Texas.

5. I am writing to ask you if you will send me some music. I am fifteen years old and have an organ, but we have no music teacher where I go to school. I certainly would appreciate some music to help me at home. I would also appreciate a hymnal with notes. For reference write to Rev. Calvin Sexton, Lansing, N. C. Hoping to hear from you soon, Miss Eula Rowland, Clifton, N. C.

6. I am writing to ask you to send us a box of any kind of books: old books of historical fiction, Mrs. Meade's books, or any others of this kind would be very much appreciated, and I am very fond of poetry and fairy tales. We would also like an advanced arithmetic, an advanced grammar, and a spelling book. My husband likes best the books written by Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright. We have two children: a girl of eight named Dora Esther, and a boy three years old named John Gordon. They would enjoy scrapbooks or picture-books of any kind. Mrs. Roy Payne, c/o Kelly Ambler, Stapleton, Nebraska.

7. I am a young housekeeper, having been married three years, and I would like to get quilt scraps and reading matter from *Cheerful Letter* friends, as I get awfully lonely at times. Will write to all I hear from. Mrs. C. B. Bright, R. 2, Riceville, Tenn.

8. Please send me books or magazines or anything that is suitable for a girl fourteen years of age. I am in the 7th grade and I go to the Brethren Church. I have one sister and three brothers. My mother and father are both living. I would like some girls to write to me. My father and brother are working in Florida, so I am very lonely, and am wishing for something to read. Edna Rickman, R. 2, Leaksville, N. C.

9. Mrs. L. H. Coleman, Coleman Falls, Va., wishes to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for some quilts scraps and wishes for more, also particularly for a Bible. Her husband has been out of work for a month and they are very poor. She has a little baby nine months old. Would be glad for something to amuse her when she is not busy.

10. I would like to become a member of the *Cheerful Letter* Club and will be glad to receive some good reading. Mrs. E. A. Cooper, Vulcan, Orange Co., Va.

11. I am a seventh grade pupil and have to read some books this year in school. Would some one kindly send me "Anne of Green Gables," and "Rip Van Winkle." Miss Nan Thompson, Unionville, Va.

12. I am writing you again after a long absence. When I wrote before I was asking for school books for home studying, and received so much help from the *Cheerful Letter* ladies. I am sure it couldn't have been more help to me. Now I am a Sunday School teacher and need help along this line of work. Have seventeen on the roll: some are grown, a few are small: ages from five to twelve. I want you to help me for the smaller ones; they need some S. S. cards and also large print books that would be suitable for this kind of work. Am also in need of a large Bible for myself. You need so many things like this. I hope I am not asking too much. Any help would be highly appreciated. Minnie E. Turner, Dodson, Va.

13. Dear friends: Today it gives me the greatest of pleasure to write to you. I am a little orphan girl, 13 years of age. My father is dead and my mother has got her arm broke and she is old and I have to do all of the work. My eye is weak and I can hardly see. I have got enlarged tonsils, and they rise and burst and I am in bed weeks at a time. I would be glad if you would put my name in the *Cheerful Letter* for toys, it would cheer me up so good. Please answer soon. From your friend, Odessa Spencer, Bassetts, Va.

14. I take this method of expressing my thanks for you for sending me reading matter in the past. I enjoy reading and the magazines help to pass many hours pleasantly. I am a widow 28 years old and have a little son, Gilbert, two years old. I lost a three year old son last winter. I shall be very glad for you to continue sending me reading matter; any good books or magazines will be appreciated. My address has been changed from Woolwine, Va., to Sanville, Va. Many thanks. Mrs. Lena T. Wood.

15. Dear *Cheerful Letter* friends: I wish to thank everyone who has remembered me in any way. I have been a T. B. patient nearly five years and I'm taking the rest cure. I can only walk a few minutes a day and spend most of the time reclining. My home is in a lonely country and winter is here. I would be glad to receive anything for amusement. I can read, write or do needlework, crocheting, etc., for pastime. I would appreciate a Bible or Testament. If anyone wants to correspond with me I would be glad to do so. I am a young single girl, of medium size, have brown hair and eyes. Would love for a girl near my own age to write me. My birthday is January 11. Anna B. Tyson, R. 1, Wadesboro, N. C.

16. I am a seventh grade pupil and have to read some books in school this year. Would someone kindly send me "Anne of Green Gables" and "Huckleberry Finn." Miss Mamie Thompson, Unionville, Va.

17. I am a woman thirty-eight years old. I have two children with me, one five years old, Wilbert, and one three, Calvin. My husband is 58. We live in the mountains and I get very lonely while I am shut in in winter. I would be

glad to correspond with some lady. I would be glad of scraps of gingham or calico for piecing; also reading matter. My husband would be glad of reading of any kind. My little boy goes to school at Pole Bridge. He would like any kind of cards to play with. May the Lord bless you in your work. Mrs. J. T. Harbour, R. 5, Stuart, Va.

18. I am a widow thirty-one years old. I have two children: a boy and a girl; Naomi, aged 9 and Joe Frank, aged 7. My husband died seven years ago of influenza and pneumonia. I am now living with my father and mother. My children walk two and a half miles to school every day. I am very lonely. Would enjoy so much to have some good magazines and books to read as I am very poor and not able to take magazines and reading. My little boy would be so grateful for story books and recitations. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, Mrs. Joe Griffin, Route 1, Peachland, N. C.

AN OLD GARDEN

I have an old, old garden,
With stocks and hollyhocks;
The poppy and the pink are there,
The peony and primrose fair,
And tiger-lilies flaunt and flare
Beside the hedge of box.

I have an old, old garden,
With lilacs by the gate;
Along the wall the rambler-rose
Unfolds its blossoms; harebells doze
Beside the columbine, which blows
In unaffected state.

I have an old, old garden,
And in the midst is set
An ancient dial, with a rhyme
Which bids the idler mark the time;
While at its base the scented thyme
Mingles with mignonette.

I have an old, old garden,
And yet 'tis ever new;
For with each bland, beguiling Spring
New blooms for old the soft airs bring,
And Nature tinteth ev'rything
A brighter, deeper hue!

—*Clarence Mansfield Lindsay.*

Does Mother?

A visitor said to a little girl, "And what will you do when you are as big as your mother?"

"Diet," said the modern child.—*Tit-Bits* (London).

THE WONDERLAND OF ROCKS

Cochise County in the Heart of the Great Southwest

Cochise, derived from "Cheis," an Apache Indian word meaning wood, brings memories to the early settler of this section of Arizona of the many depredations committed by the Apaches under command of the famous and warlike chieftain of that name.

Cochise and his people found these fertile valleys an admirable location in which to grow their corn and other grains necessary for their sustenance. A wonderful spring of water, possessed of medicinal properties, that appeared to cure their every physical ailment, was located nearby. The mountain ranges on every side were filled with wild turkey, deer, bear and mountain lion. The high peaks of the Chiricahuas provided excellent lookout towers, from which those delegated to the task might detect the approach of friend or enemy from a great distance, and the rugged and precipitous canyons of these same mountains contained many natural and almost impregnable strongholds to which they might retire in time of necessity.

For twelve years the mighty Cochise waged a relentless offensive warfare against the encroachment of the paleface, who had been attracted to the locality by the excellent range for cattle and horses. Most of his followers were killed or captured and he finally surrendered, dictating his own terms. Death by pneumonia followed shortly after his surrender and he was buried in the shadows of the mighty peaks he had loved so well, in a spot known only to those who performed the burial rites. Many believe "Cochise Stronghold," a rugged canyon in the Dragoon Mountains, to be his resting place. Direct descendants of the old warrior family believe that he sleeps on the top of the Chiricahuas, and with face upturned to the sky awaits the day to arise and transform the thousands of monuments of stone of fantastic shape into warriors, who in answer to his call will sweep the white man from the country that by God-given right belonged to them.

But the waters of the medicinal spring are now being used for irrigation purposes, the fields where their grain was grown have been extended over an immense area, the wild turkey have entirely disappeared, the deer, bear and mountain lion are difficult to find, the sentinel peaks are used by vacationists as vantage points from which to view the beautiful mountain scenery, and the canyon strongholds are occupied during the vacation season and week-ends by hundreds of residents of the State and county. One of the largest peach orchards in the entire West now covers the area known as Cochise Stronghold, and at the foot of the mountain called "Cochise's

Head" an area but partly explored, named the "Wonderland of Rocks," attracts the attention of the photographer, the geologist and the lover of scenery, unique in rock structure and different from anything of its kind yet brought to the attention of the public.

The following description by Dr. J. J. Armstrong will give the reader an idea of this immense museum of Nature's architecture thousands of years old:

"In the heart of the Chiricahuas, a few hours' automobile drive from Douglas, lies a veritable wonderland of rocks, many thousands of years old, but never brought to public notice until recently. . . . No words can describe it—no pictures can feature it—the only way to know it is to see it, for, as a noted tourist said, 'Go up to a rock, touch it and then look up and see what you are up against.'

"It covers an area of about 25 miles, but the main features are in an area of about 5 miles, occupying three canyons. The rhyolite is, of course, of volcanic origin, commencing as a capping on the mountain, then as a conglomerate mass and descends half way down the mountain side, where it forms huge cracks and fissures or separates into crags, then into pillars, columns and spires, some of these being over 100 feet high.

"On top of both the right and left sides in the right canyon is a perfect amphitheater of grotesque rocks as likenesses to human faces, camels, ducks, anvils, cannon, mushrooms, hammers, throne and balanced rocks galore (one specifically graceful and symmetrical), leanto rocks—all ranging in height from 15 to 75 to 80 feet. A natural bridge, 42 feet long, 35 feet from the ground and 8 feet wide on the top, is a beautiful example of nature's architecture. A totem pole stands 100 feet high, 8 feet wide and 3 feet thick.

"Cochise Head, the top of a distant mountain about 10 miles distant, so rimmed by the mountains in front that it looks like the face of the noted Apache chief lying face upward, is also a wonder.

"The one strange thing about the park is that every big feature has something guarding it. The bridge has a man's head across the canyon watching over it, the mushroom has a hen beside it, the Hercules throne has a Cromwell's head behind it, the totem pole has a cannon mounted on the mountain above, the right amphitheater has a duck looking over it, the big balanced rock has a camel on one side and Señorita Rhyolita on the other. Thor's hammer did have an old maid guarding it, but she must have been so homely the wind blew part of her face away.

"Buddha's image stands out most prominently as the feature you see as you approach, and the last you see when leaving, and leads one to believe he is there to say, 'Good day; come in and make yourself to home and have a good time,' and then, 'Good-bye, hope you had a good time. Tell your friends all about us and show them the pictures you took of our wonderland, and be sure and return yourself some day—we enjoy company and admiration.'"

On April 8, 1924, President Coolidge signed the proclamation designating this area comprising over 4,000 acres, as a National Monument. —*By L. A. Herring, in progressive Arizona.*

FICTION WE REMEMBER

The Old Curiosity Shop

BY CHARLES DICKENS

Thus runs the list of Dickens's early novels, "Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "The Old Curiosity Shop," the last published in 1840–41, within two years of the beginnings of its author's fame. It is perhaps the most sentimental of his stories, the main plot revolving around the pathetic adventures of Little Nell and her old grandfather, whose fatal propensity for gambling gets them into many difficulties. Of the other typical Dickens characters in its pages, the scoundrelly and repulsive Quilp, the grotesque Marchioness, the fantastic Dick Swiveller, Kit Nubbles, and Sampson Brass are the most conspicuous.

"The Old Curiosity Shop" was first published serially in "Master Humphrey's Clock," appearing in book form in 1842. Of it Professor Oliver Elton writes in "A Survey of English Literature," a comprehensive manual covering the one hundred years between 1780 and 1880: "In 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' there is no real plan; and it is built, rather unluckily, round the fortunes of a single idealized figure, 'the lonely figure of a child with grotesque and wild, but not impossible, companions.' The earlier dreams and terrors of Nell are described with great beauty, and do not, like her later troubles, provoke any revulsion in the reader. Dickens thought he was strong minded in doing violence to his feelings and killing the child, but in fact he was only the more sentimental for that; and he earned universal favor accordingly. For the rest, 'The Old Curiosity Shop' is rich in humors of different and even discordant kind."—*Boston Transcript.*

Friendship is a word the very sight of which in print makes the heart warm.—*Birrell.*

Common sense is a priceless possession, and not so common as its name would imply.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Receipts

Cracker Raisin Pudding.—Six hard crackers, butter, 1 cup seeded raisins, 3 eggs, ⅔ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, a grating of nutmeg, 5 cups milk. Split the crackers, spread with butter and dispose in raisins. Beat the eggs, add the sugar, nutmeg and milk, and pour onto the crackers. Let stand half an hour, then bake slowly until center is firm. Serve hot with hard sauce.

* * *

Prune Brown Betty.—Two cups cooked prune pulp, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 ½ cups of bread crumbs, ⅔ cup prune juice, 2 tablespoons butter. Fill a buttered pudding dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs and prunes; sprinkle each layer with brown sugar, lemon juice and a grating of the rind, using crumbs on top layer. Pour prune juice over all. Dot with bits of butter. Brown in moderate oven.

* * *

Baked Apples.—Pour I cup boiling water over ⅓ cup seedless raisins, let simmer 5 minutes and drain. Wash and core large tart apples, put a spoonful of sugar in each, then a spoonful of raisins, dust with cinnamon and fill with sugar. Pour cup of water in pan and bake until the skins burst.

* * *

Handy Hints

To remove the odor after onions have been fried, pour a little vinegar into the frying pan and heat it.

To clean aluminum use a fine metal or silver polish. Use nothing that will scratch it. If food should scorch in an aluminum pan, cover the burned area thickly with salt, then add just enough water to moisten the salt. Let stand several hours, rinse and use more salt to rub off the scorch.

Borax will remove leather stains from light colored stockings.

Always add a small piece of butter to milk puddings when cooking them, as this not only improves the taste, but prevents the pudding from boiling over.

When a dress of dark serge becomes shiny with wear, sponge it with hot vinegar and press it in the usual way. No odor of vinegar will remain, the shine will disappear and the material will be much improved in appearance. The vinegar will leave no stain.

That best portion of a good man's life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love.—*Wordsworth.*

HOW THEY GROW ROSES FOR FOOD IN NANKING

It seems that the Chinese city of Nanking is a notable center for rose-growing for food and the preparation of rose-leaves for table use.

Two varieties of roses are cultivated in Nanking. What is known as the "imported" variety is used only for decoration and has little commercial value, because it is not so scented as the indigenous variety. The color of the "imported" variety is either dark or light red and that of the indigenous variety purple. The latter is highly scented and retains its fragrance for months and even years. The dried petals, after being kept for a year or two, become as fragrant as fresh petals after they are moistened. It is this characteristic that has made the flower so much sought after by the Nanking public, its use being chiefly for food-scenting.

The Nanking public uses roses not only to scent tea-leaves or drinks, as people in other parts of China do, but also in the preparation of various kinds of food, especially candy and light refreshments. Nanking bakers use roses very liberally in scenting cakes and other kinds of pastry. During the flowering season, the bakers collect large quantities of these flowers and keep them in a preserved state to be used in the next twelve months. Rose-petals are preserved for food-scenting in two ways: they are either dried in the sun and kept in a covered jar, generally of glass, or preserved in sugar sirup. Nanking brewers use rose-petals in preparing a kind of rose-scented liquor. Even pedlers and food vendors boast that their wares are rose-scented. The greatest consumers of roses in Nanking are the bakers and tea dealers, the latter using them to scent tea-leaves.

A candy from sugar and rose-petals is also prepared. This is done by pounding fresh rose-petals into a pulpy mass and mixing with refined sugar, which is further churned with a spoon or ladle until thoroughly mixed. The mixture is then dried in the sun. This preparation is known as "rose sand," because the sugar, when dried, still retains its granular form. This concoction is pretty in color and palatable to the taste, and is a favorite food among Nanking adults and children alike. In spite of the pounding and mixing, the rose undergoes no change in color or scent. The "rose sand" is generally used to sweeten food or drinks. It is also believed to have medicinal value, the rose scent being claimed to possess the quality of strengthening the digestive power. The recipe of preparing "rose sand" is one catty [⅓ lb.] of sugar to every fifty rose-petals.

Roses are extensively cultivated by Nanking farmers who live near the city. There is also a special class of florists inside the city. The rose-

bed is generally located near the farmer's house, where the land is suitable neither for rice cultivation nor for mulberry plantation. The rose-bed sometimes covers an extensive area and is carefully watered and fertilized. Every one or two years, young shoots can be separated from the parent shrub and with the roots covered with mud are often sold on the market for transplantation. Rose shoots obtained in this way, however, often fail to grow, because the roots have either been hurt or partially dried up. Nanking horticulturists, for transplantation, prefer the young roses sold by the city florists in pots, which, after being used as table decorations, can be transplanted in the ground, and grow rapidly.

The market price for roses varies with the conditions of the weather. Fair and settled weather in the flowering season will bring good returns to the farmers. Under such weather conditions, the demand for fresh roses is brisk and prices rise accordingly. The market for fresh roses is over in less than a week, buyers being eager to collect flowers and dry them while the sun shines. Rainy and unsettled weather causes the market to become exceedingly dull. The price of the flower is extraordinarily cheap, owing probably to extensive cultivation. In former years, a rose used to be sold for a cash or one-tenth of a copper. The market price now is four cash for a rose of medium size or five roses for two coppers. Nearly every household in Nanking uses roses either as food or decorations. Nearly 10,000,000 pieces, valued at between $15,000 and $20,000, are gathered every year in Nanking. —*Literary Digest.*

THE LEGEND OF THE SEAMLESS ROBE

FOUND IN LONDON, AUGUST, 1925. H. D. P.

LONG ago, in the town of Capernaum dwelt a merchant, to whom from far distant looms caravans brought beautiful robes which he sold to the rich men of that country. Among these robes there came to him one that was woven without seam from top to bottom, a beautiful garment. He spread it on his stall, hoping to attract the eye of some rich man. But the first man who saw it was not rich, for he was a poor fisherman, called Peter. When he saw the robe he stopped, looked at it, fingered it.

"I would fain buy this," he said "for a gift to my Master, Jesus of Nazareth."

"How much will you give me," asked the merchant.

"I have naught but ten pieces of silver," said Peter.

"Ten pieces of silver," laughed the merchant, "ten times ten pieces of silver will not buy it."

And Peter went away sorrowful, for he had wanted so much to buy that robe for his Lord.

But the next man who came by was a rich man. His name was Nicodemus. He stopped and looked at the robe, fingered it, examined it all over.

"I would fain buy this," he said, "for a gift to One I know, even Jesus of Nazareth."

"What will you give me?" asked the merchant.

"I will give you ten pieces of gold," said Nicodemus.

"I seek fifteen," said the merchant.

Nicodemus shook his head. He wanted the robe, but he wanted to buy it as cheaply as he could. "No," he said, "I will give you twelve, no more. I shall come back in an hour, and bring twelve pieces of gold." And he went away.

The merchant was pleased. Twelve pieces of gold meant a great sum in those days. He thought to himself that he would take twelve, but he would still hold out for a little.

His customer seemed rich. What was his name? Nicodemus, a wealthy Jew of Jerusalem. Perhaps he would give thirteen pieces of gold, or fourteen, or even fifteen. The merchant determined to stand out for fifteen.

There was a little stir in the market and a group of twelve men came by. With them the merchant recognized the fisherman who had offered him ten pieces of silver. He smiled at the absurd offer. Ten pieces of silver indeed! Then he looked at the man who stood in the center of the group, and he remembered: This would be the Jesus of Nazareth, to whom the fisherman and the rich man had each wanted to give the seamless robe. He looked at him closely.

"See, Master," Peter was saying, "this is the robe I sought to buy for you. But the man would not sell it to me for all that I had."

The Master smiled. "Thou didst well that it was in thine heart, Peter," He said, and He glanced at the robe. Then He looked at the merchant—just one look, ere he passed on with His disciples.

The merchant waited a moment with wonder in his mind. Then he caught up the robe, and ran after Jesus. When he overtook Him he held it out, "Take it, Master," he said.

"I had naught but ten pieces of silver," cried Peter, "and you would not take it. Indeed the robe is worth more."

"What price do you seek?" asked Jesus.

"Master," said the merchant, "nothing but to kneel down and kiss your feet."—*Selected.*

WHEN clouds hang low and troubles come
Smile some.
When you feel blue and hurt and sore,
Smile more.
When all your happiness seems marred,
Smile hard.
When you just feel you cannot smile,
Smile a mile. —*R. F. K.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE MAN WHO FORGOT HIS SOUL

A LITTLE boy named Robert once came home from Sunday School looking very glum.

"I wish I had a fortune," he said, "I'd give anything for a fortune." Just then his mother came in and overheard what he said.

"Bobby, my boy," she said, "would you give *anything* for a fortune? Ah, Bobby," said his mother, "I don't think you could ever have heard the story of how the skylark sold his wings."

"Oh mother, do tell me," said Bobby. And his mother began:

"Once there lived a skylark who was the finest of his race. One day as he flew over a wood he looked down, and there, traveling over the wide road that ran through it, was the strangest little coach ever seen. It was painted black with yellow stripes, and was driven by a coachman dressed in yellow with black stripes, and was drawn by six horses as black as pitch. But what interested him most was the fact that he saw sticking out of the windows of the coach the tails of some worms. Now, he was very fond of worms, and so he flew down to see what this thing might be, and as he drew nearer he heard the coachman calling out: 'Three fine, fat, juicy worms for two feathers. Who'll buy?'

"'That's cheap enough,' the skylark thought. 'I'd give anything for worms, especially big ones.' So he nibbled first at one wing and then at the other, and pulled a feather out of each, bought the worms and hurried away into a dark corner to eat them all by himself.

"Next day he saw the coach again and had another treat. And the next day, too. And the day after that, and the day after that. In fact, he grew fonder and fonder of worms. But, oh! his wings. Soon he lost a sunward race in which he had always been first. Then he was only able to fly just above the trees, then not even as high as that. At last he could not fly at all, but could only hop about in the undergrowth, and he could sing no more because of the darkness and chilliness of the wood from which he could not escape.

"When things got as bad as this, he thought upon a good plan for making them better. He worked hard hunting worms and got a large heap of them by the roadside, and when the coach came along he cried to the coachman: 'Please sir, I have here a lot of worms: how many feathers will you give me for them?' And, would you believe it, that hard-hearted coachman simply answered: 'My business is worms for feathers, not feathers for worms,' and he whipped up his horses and drove away. The poor, foolish little skylark rolled over and died of broken wings and a broken heart.

"When he was found, and the older skylarks saw what had happened they buried him in the wood by the roadside, and over his grave they placed a warning to all other birds, never, never never to sell one feather of their wings for worms or for anything else.

"And, Bobby," his mother continued, "Jesus said, *What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*"

Bobby had been following his mother's words carefully. He looked up at her when she ceased speaking. "Mother," he said earnestly, "I think after all I would not give *anything* for a fortune."—*Clipped.*

BIRDS IN WINTER

CHILDREN ought to have pets, of course, but why birds in cages? Birds are creatures of the air, born with the instinct of flight, of freedom, of glad soaring. They sing from the topmost twig in the first blush of dawn.

Did you ever listen to the chorus that greets the first ray of morning light? It is tremendous in its volume and tonal beauty. There is a wild and haunting beauty in that chorus that wakens one's wonder and reverence. Who taught them to sing like that? To whom are they singing? What leader is it that draws such transport, such self forgetfulness from the world of little birds?

It is a cold winter day as I write this. The wind blows in shrill sweeping blasts of a coldness that makes the limbs of the old elm creak at the joints. Sunlight falls in pale patches on the bare trunks of trees and on the sad colored grass. Not a flower shows its face. Even the evergreens are shrunken within themselves as they huddle their garments of faded green about their shivering limbs.

Clear on the air comes the chick-a-dee's call. He is perched on a teetering twig, the pale sunlight warming his fluttering feathers. Bracing himself against the whiffs he gallantly sings. Such a stout heart in such a wee body. Life is none too tender to him but it cannot daunt him. He is a bird, a gallant thing of feathers and spirit, and air born sprite.

Pudgy little Bill presses his nose against the panes and dances in glee at the chick-a-dee's call. "If only I could catch him and put him in a box and keep him. Couldn't I mother, couldn't I?"

"Certainly not. In the first place you never could catch him because he can fly and you can only run. He's a little child of the air and you of the earth. Why should you want to hurt him?"

"I don't. I only want to love him, mother, I want him."

"He'll stay all winter with you if you'll take
re of him. Tell you what. We'll take a big
ece of suet and we'll cut it in pieces and hang it
the little pine tree close by the window. He
ll love that. He'll come right there and you
n watch him eat his dinner. And we'll make a
tle shelf with a fence all round it and put seeds
it for him. That will be better than trying
catch him and making him afraid.
"And if we put more kinds of seeds and some
umbs other birds will come and stay. Wouldn't
be great if we could keep a robin all winter so
'd be right here to meet the spring?"
Now wouldn't it? And wouldn't it be fine for
e children who have even the tiniest yard and
e littlest tree to feed a chick-a-dee? It might
en the door to a wonder world.—*Boston Herald.*

OLD MISTER DARK

When Mother kisses me Good-night—
And—Happy—Sleep—Betide—You,
She says, "Don't be afraid, my dear,
For Mr. Dark's beside you.
He's waiting here so quietly
And is so big and kind—
Just think of all the many
Little girls he has to mind."

I've never seen his face, but I
Can always tell he's there
For something makes my eyes go shut
Almost before my prayer.
And when I wake up in the night
And cannot see my spread,
I know that dear old Mr. Dark
Is watching by my bed.

My mother says he always hears
But never, never speaks,
Yet he is taking care of me,
And when a rocker creaks
I think perhaps poor Mr. Dark
Is resting there awhile,
And then I blow a kiss to him
And hope he sees me smile.

—*Betsey Buttles.*

LIFTING THE VEIL OF DARKNESS

The American Foundation for the Blind has
termined that every blind person in the United
ates who desires a radio and yet is unable to
eet the cost of its purchase shall have a set. In
campaign for a fund for this worthy purpose it
being aided by the American Radio Association
d by the press. The cost of underwriting the
mpaign is borne by two New York philanthrop-
s, so that the entire amount of every contribu-
n to this fund is used for radios. In order to
cure the best and simplest radio possible, a
mmittee of experts, one of whom is a member
e Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C.,
's appointed to select the sets.
If the blind person can afford to contribute
toward his set, he does so to whatever extent he
feels he can. If he cannot afford to contribute,
he receives gratuitously a set with all necessary
parts, including aerial. Outside of New York
the Boy Scouts are contributing their share of
good will by doing the necessary wiring and in-
stallation. The Foundation has received al-
ready more than 4,000 applications. The fund at
present is sufficient for 1,800 free sets and 250
sets at half price. The campaign will be con-
tinued until there is a sufficient amount for sup-
plying every applicant.

The blind are handicapped not only in having vastly less opportunities for work and enjoyment than those with sight, but in being obliged to pay far more for their education and circumscribed pleasures than do we. Reading costs us very little, and is an unappreciated necessity; to them it becomes almost a priceless luxury. David Copperfield costs us a dollar; it costs them $32. The Bible is cheap enough for every one with sight; it costs them $77. Naturally, but few books are printed in Braille type. The wide field of literature, of science, of art over which we freely and carelessly roam shrinks to a small plot over which they haltingly grope their earnest way. The radio brings to them independence and entertainment and the culture of the world. —*The Outlook.*

KEEP ON HOPIN'

Keep on lookin' for the bright, bright skies,
Keep on hopin' that the sun will rise,
Keep on singin' when the whole world sighs—
And you'll get there in the mornin'.

Keep on sowin' when you've missed the crops,
Keep on dancin' when the fiddle stops,
Keep on faithful till the curtain drops—
And you'll get there in the mornin'.

Keep on trustin' in the cause of Right,
Keep on lookin' to the dawn on Light,
Keep on fightin' till you've won the fight—
And you'll get there in the mornin'.

—*Frank Stanton.*

HOUSECLEANING

I housecleaned in my mind today
And from out its every room
I swept each spiteful, ugly thought
With a brand new poet's broom.

I housecleaned in my heart today
And in that spacious room
I put enough of love and light
To chase away the gloom.

—*Helen Robbins.*

YOU SHOULD KNOW WHERE TO F

The Lord's Prayer. (Matthew 6.)
The Ten Commandments. (Exodus 20.)
The Beatitudes. (Matthew 5.)
Paul's Conversion. (Acts 9.)
Christ's Great Prayer. (John 17.)
The Prodigal Son. (Luke 15.)
The Ten Virgins. (Matthew 25.)
Parable of the Talents. (Matthew 25.)
Abiding Chapter. (John 15.)
Resurrection Chapter. (1 Cor. 15.)
Shepherd Chapter. (John 10.)
Love Chapter. (1 Cor. 13.)
Tongue Chapter. (James 3.)
Armor Chapter. (Ephesians 6.)
Travelers' Psalm. (Psalm 121.)
Bible-study Psalm. (Psalm 119.)
Greatest Verse. (John 3: 16)
Great Invitation. (Rev. 22: 17; Isa. 55: 1.)
Rest Verse. (Matt. 11: 28.)
Consecration Verse. (Rom. 12: 1.)
Workers' Verse. (2 Tim. 2: 15.)
Another Workers' Verse. (Ps. 126: 6.)
Teachers' Verse. (Dan. 12: 3.)
The Great Commission. (Mark 16: 15.)
Christ's Last Command. (Acts 1: 8.)

A NEW DAILY DOZEN

1. A little patience—at least once.
2. A minute of unselfishness.
3. A kind word—or two or three.
4. A bit of self-control—somewhere.
5. A flash of generosity.
6. A prompt excuse—for someone else.
7. A noble thought—perhaps a text recall
8. A good deed—not left undone.
9. A brief prayer—for a friend in troul
10. A moment of thankfulness—for blessi enjoyed.
11. A kindly smile—where it may brighten other.
12. A snatch of song—or hum of a tune.

—*Elks' Magazine*

A MOTORIST drove up to a gasoline statio the South:

"Hey, boy, I want some gasoline. Get a m on you! You'll never get anywhere in this wo unless you push. When I was young I pushe and that got me where I am now."

"Well, boss," said the lazy country boy, reckon as how you'll have to push again, 'ca we ain't got a drop of gas in the place."—*Clipp*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of lett and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of cor spondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good serm or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present o such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

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1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheer Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made paya to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents,* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount W Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also letters offering to give books and magazi should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brim Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by s dents either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where h is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Steve 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location a care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine librar are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mas should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from oth interested in the organization and its methods.

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